The COMMONWEAL

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Parade

IT WAS General Eisenhower's return that was our Fourth of July this year. The real celebration. The way you would want the country to be when it celebrates. Remembering what it costs to be free, and remembering also that the purpose in being free is not to be free all alone but to be a free nation among other free nations, to be free men among all other free men. A Fourth of July with the flag amid all the other flags. With the fireworks looking like the stars over the world. With the flags, all the flags meaning, eventually, that a man is proud that he was born in Abilene, Kansas, and that a man is proud that he is born Russian, or in London, or that he is African; and all the men all over the world waving a flag if they want to wave it, and they are like the high school children in New York when they wear the national dresses of the countries from which their parents came, and they sing Ukrainian, German, Italian, Swedish songs, and they do the national dances, but they are all Americans anyway.

We are an extraordinary country to have a general come back from winning a war and everything that he says all the time makes you think of somebody like Walt Whitman. Eisenhower commanded. "The hard task of a commander is to send men into battle knowing some of them—often many—must be killed or wounded in order that necessary missions may be achieved." But in the next sentence it is as if he had been a stretcher bearer like Whitman and even in his language there is something of Whitman's simplicity, something of Whitman's habit of thinking of all the men and women of the nation, seeing them in their houses, crossing on the ferries on their way to work, each at his business, each with his important personal joy and sorrow: "It is a soul-killing task! My sorrow is not only for the fine young lives lost or broken, but it is equally for the parents, the wives and their friends who have been bereaved. The price they pay is possibly the greatest."

So that there are the parades and the flags, the great crowds in America's capital, the crowds along Broadway in New York, the 450,000 school-children in Central Park, and then the homecoming to Kansas—and it was like a tremendous Fourth of July celebration and everything that Americans felt when Eisenhower came home from war was fresh and clean again.

America went back to its memories, to all the best of them haphazardly, to all the finest moments and it was not just the victories; it was to the victories, but it was also to what they meant, to what they promised. Especially to the deep and noble purpose that gave them value. America went back to its independence but the purpose of that independence was to create a free society; to the Civil War but that meant the Gettysburg Address. Washington, Lincoln and all the men who were present when decisions were taken and wars fought, all the Americans who meant a great deal in our history, were always looking forward. And Wilson too. Their achievement was never final; they never thought it was final; their interest in what they did was that it was a beginning. When Eisenhower came back there was all that he had done, and again and again he told Americans that what he had done, what his soldiers had done (I never think of Negro soldiers or white soldiers; I think of soldiers), what the British and Russian soldiers had done, was nothing unless what they had done was the beginning of peace. The entrance into lasting peace. He kept saying again and again that the effort of the war must become the effort to maintain the peace. "We must solve this problem or we will all be lost." "We cannot be isolated from the world."

When America celebrated this homecoming it was celebrating also for the peoples of Europe who had finished with the war. Celebrating in the place of the peoples of Europe whose celebration amid the ruins was, for the moment, impracticable. Celebrating in the place of the peoples in Europe who had no homes, no food, no happiness, no heart to celebrate. That is why

ST. CHARLES
CARTHAGE

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the celebration here was not like the Fourth of July parades in the years of the past when everything was all right and there was no reason to worry about anyone who was not an American and who lived abroad. It was a celebration with all our dead in Europe and with all the men who are dying in the Pacific. It was a parade with the dead lined up watching it go by. And no matter how gaily the American streets were decorated the triumphant procession passed through a landscape of universal misery. Consequently General Eisenhower and all Americans knew clearly that it was a celebration without meaning unless the General were leading all men of all nations in a parade that would march into peace.

San Francisco Wind-up

INEVITABLY the charter signed at San Francisco brings to mind certain comparisons with the League of Nations. The element of Wilsonian idealism and emotionalism was lacking from the start. There was less high-sounding phrase-making and more facing of such bald political realities as the apparently irrevocable Yalta Agreement. Hopes did not run so high as before; commitments were more limited in scope. Discussions voiced the aspirations of many delegates in favor of the establishment of some sort of new world democracy; in the end all the delegates knew that they and their nations would have to defer to what the Big Three wanted.

Striking similarities with the League are many. A paramount similarity resides in the general framework of the two organizations—the Council, Assembly, Court, have a familiar ring. One of the most disappointing is the rigidity of the new charter. The proposal to have it amended within a specified period was defeated while the unanimity required for action and amendment is far from pleasing to those League critics who saw its greatest weakness in the failure to provide any practicable method of effecting needed peaceful change. Just as the ILO and other non-political affiliates of the League accomplished more than its other allied elements in the period between the wars, so the hopes of many thoughtful observers at San Francisco focus on the plans for the new Economic and Social Council.

Yet the fundamental limitation in both organizations is the high degree of national sovereignty which each permitted. With the League considerable surrender of sovereignty was envisaged on paper, but when real crises came it proved to largely fictitious. This time the smaller nations have surrendered sovereignty to a considerable degree and one compatible with the current balance of military and economic power. Yet each of the members of the Big Three have, in fact, retained all essential sovereignty. For that reason then the San Francisco charter has not succeeded in setting up any genuine world organization, but primarily a medium for interchange of views among the nations—a body in which the decisions to be taken will be made by the currently three strong Powers, or which, when they are negative, may be taken by any *one* of the now Big Three.

What was agreed upon at San Francisco must, as with the League, be ratified by the signatory governments. Yet it can today be regarded as an accomplishment of a definitive, if limited, sort. On the veto and allied questions discussion among the delegates was heated; minor concessions were won and the conference proceeded to a solid conclusion. What emerged from San Francisco is a new beginning. It will require all the vigilance of which Americans and others are capable to make it or develop it into a long-term, dependable instrument for peace.

Those Pacific Bases

ONE of the most difficult of all near-future endeavors will be to stem the tide of national sentiment favoring the retention of former Japanese islands and other bases which we shall have won by force of arms. Nothing is more natural. They have been taken at a fearful cost. General Arnold's declaration at Honolulu, June 24, fits in perfectly with the broad pattern: "Key islands in the Marshalls, Palaus, Volcanoes, Bonins and Ryukyus are vital to America's vital defense policy. These islands, won at great cost of life by our fighting men . . . are essential for our future security. Their use by the United States must be unrestricted. . . . [that also goes for Wake, Marcus, Canton, Palmyra and Christmas Islands and American Samoa] . . . I have come back convinced that we must have a bridge across the Pacific. The future peace of the world depends on our doing this. Indeed the fate of mankind may depend upon it."

The trouble is that this is too handy an argument for any nation which has occupied enemy territory in the course of this war. To claim such areas outright greatly weakens general reliance for peace on anything but naked, unilateral force. It leads straight to similar demands by other Powers. The need for adequate Pacific defenses for the United States, taking the present chaotic state of the world, is undeniable. Yet this area cannot be viewed as independent of the rest. We must be "restricted" to some extent by broader considerations which are as much to our interest as to that of other nations and dependent peoples. To administer such islands in the name of, and responsible to, the United Nations is a highly preferable means of looking out for the "fate of mankind."

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The Feel of Washington

THE atmosphere or climate of opinion in Washington today is fairly sharply divided as between foreign and domestic affairs. No one even questions the conduct of the war. It has been a magnificent achievement so far — an achievement of unparalleled magnitude and, considering its size, of high efficiency. There is likewise a feeling of satisfaction over San Francisco, if only because it did not fall apart during the course of its stormier sessions, if only because it demonstrated so broad a spirit of accommodation and gave men who had never met each other before an opportunity to work together.

But when you begin to probe for attitudes toward individual nations, you encounter something far less auspicious. In general there is agreement that we have a profound moral obligation to get on with Russia. Only in the most rabid of anti-Russian circles, where hating Joe Stalin is a passport to social acceptability, does one find the contrary, and these circles are limited to official Poles, socialists, ex-communists and a few Catholics. The generality of responsible government officials may have qualms as to whether we shall succeed, but have no doubt that we must use all our intelligence and energy in working to maintain friendly relations with Moscow.

When it comes to Britain, however, the feeling is sadly different. Suspicion of England and hostility toward her are openly expressed in a disquietingly large number of circles. Churchill's policy in Greece and Italy as well as the status of India and the colonies is the principal alleged reason for this distrust, which is probably little more than an inbred trait of the American temper. It is, however, unfortunate, for although the US obviously cannot underwrite in advance the adventures of British imperialism, the basic ideals and temperament of both peoples are the same, and our strategic interdependence is axiomatic.

The nation with the worst credit of all is France, thanks to the incredible stupidity of General de Gaulle, who has brilliantly succeeded in confirming every enemy and alienating every friend. As a result his country is viewed as a trouble-making nuisance, exploiting her geographical and historical position to obtain a prestige not legitimately hers. This tragic attitude of impatient annoyance can only be cured by events in France. Once a parliamentary election has been held and new leaders have emerged, as they always quickly do under such circumstances, a reasonably wise and consistent foreign policy can obliterate bitter memories of the General.

What about the home front? What about full employment? reconversion? In general we find apathy or loss of heart. There is no real push behind the Murray (job-budget) Bill, which is likely to die of inanition. Even Mr. Truman's request that unemployment benefits be brought up to a minimum top rate of $25 per week for 26 weeks has run into a blank refusal by the Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee to introduce any such measure. In many quarters it is openly stated that paying such unemployment benefits would merely encourage idleness and shiftlessness among workers. Those who so express their cynical contempt for mankind are indignant if you point out that under the existing law American business can draw "unemployment benefits" potentially as high as 27 billion dollars in the form of tax rebates, and if you likewise point out that this may also encourage shiftlessness in management.

The attitude of those not committed by conviction to a governmentally implemented full-employment policy—in other words, most Senators and Congressmen and middle class people the nation over—is compounded of acute personal annoyance with the present state of the labor market (in which the little woman can't get a servant for love nor money and restaurant service is terrible) and glib acceptance of the assurances given by the pundits of business to the effect that pent-up consumer demand will take care of all our economic problems without any need for "government interference." In this we may now detect a fundamental mistake in strategy on the part of those who led the campaign for a full employment program both in the last election and on the floors of Congress. It should endlessly have been pointed out that what we have been having these last three years is not full employment, but *over*-employment—a very different and a very trying thing to all concerned. But this simple precaution was not taken, and most of our legislators make no bones of saying in private that they hope never to live in a period of "full employment" again.

In all probability, then, and in the absence of any bold leadership—there simply is none in Washington today—we must hope that business can do what it says it can do.

Hope, yet doubt. For business is sitting so pretty now, with billions in reserves and more billions to come from tax rebates if only losses can be shown, that you are forced to doubt whether it will really put its shoulder to the production wheel and maintain the employment levels our country requires for a healthy economy. An easy labor market must certainly have compelling charms for presently harassed management.

So perhaps we shall have to suffer another depression, another seven lean years with millions unable to find work, before we learn our lesson.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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Glimpse at TVA

The Tennessee Valley Authority has completed its construction stage and is ready

Edward Skillin, Jr.

IN A pioneer country such as ours communities for the most part have "just growed" like Topsy. Land was cleared and industries were established without relation to any general plan. As the soil was mined over large areas to produce single crops on a big scale for an ever larger market, and as the natural riches from below the ground were extracted for the needs of expanding industry, little thought was given to the long-term effect of individualistic exploitation.

The great depression of the thirties was an indication that something was wrong in the way in which America had gone about developing her economy. But no one seemed to know exactly what had gone askew. Despite the stimulus of unprecedented government expenditures, the national economy was simply stumbling along when war came and called upon our farms and factories for everything they had. No American yet has found how to set up a feasible full-steam peacetime economy, but a large part of the solution undoubtedly resides in the regional approach.

That, to me, fresh from a personally escorted visit to the Valley, is the real significance of the Tennessee Valley Authority. For David Lilienthal and his able colleagues have, in the interests of the people of the area, set out to rehabilitate an entire region of our American Southeast in all its phases—agricultural, industrial, educational, financial, health and familial. What has been most widely discussed as a means of preventing the wicked public utilities magnates from making too much money has in fact far wider and more human objectives of a positive sort.

One of the best means of bringing this out is to consider the TVA farm program. Under the egis of King Cotton, principally, but also, in certain areas, because of one-crop cultivation of tobacco or corn, the people of the Tennessee River Valley had badly exhausted the soil. It is a land of heavy rainfall averaging 50 inches a year and as high as 84 inches in some districts. Where cotton was concerned, it was not so much that the cotton plant itself exhausts the soil of its nutriment, to describe it in untechnical terms, but once the crop is gathered the bare fields are left at the mercy of seasonal heavy rains; the top soil is gradually washed down into the valleys. As Director Harcourt Morgan put it, lands of heavy rainfall are best suited for growing roughage, or ideal for cattle raising. And the engineers found that the silt from these rain-washed fields interfered with their damming operations (one of the many indications how the whole TVA program is bound together).

The first task, then, in the restoration of the land was to plant legumes and cover crops such as clover, alfalfa, vetch, lespedeza. But in its exhausted condition the land would not hold such cover. Phosphate fertilizers were needed, particularly since these crops take nitrogen from the air and restore that essential element to the soil. That is where another aspect of the TVA program comes in, for in '33 the Authority secured from the Government the idle last-war nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. At present one of these plants at mile-long Wilson Dam is producing some 50,000 bags of phosphates for use on demonstration farms. As soon as the war is over and phosphorous is no longer used for mortar shells and other missiles for the Japanese, that plant will be able almost immediately to step up its production to 250,000 bags.

Thus far 25,000 farmers have signed up to serve in TVA demonstrations and the hope is that national standards for fertilizers will be established so that commercial phosphates will approach in efficiency those now produced at Muscle Shoals. Where the average commercial phosphate now contains about 20 percent phosphates for plant food, they are producing at Muscle Shoals a meta-phosphate in which P_2O_5 is as high as 63 percent. The farmers now participating in the demonstration work have only to pay the freight to obtain this life-giving compound. And the hope is that after the war similar methods of soil building will be extended not only to all the 250,000 farms in the Tennessee River Valley but throughout the nation.

In the Valley, family-type farms predominate. They average about 80 acres each, with about half of that acreage in timber. Their present market value is about $3,000, buildings and all. Hardly our richest farming area. One farm I visited was owned by a Negro, John T. Bulls. His 203 acres in Lauderdale County, Alabama, was part of what they call a "small area demonstration" of several adjacent farms, all of them

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eligible to participate if they wish.

When we arrived Mr. Bulls was off across the fields with a plow and a mule, but several of his family on the distaff side were nearer by busily "chopping cotton" in the fierce Alabama sun. We interviewed Mr. Bulls at the edge of a ripened wheat field, a narrow strip of which had been left unfertilized to show the contrast. The bulk of the field had been treated with a nitrate fertilizer costing but $2.85 per acre and the result, which looked solid enough to me, was said to compare favorably with the soft wheat grown in any of our regular wheat-producing areas. The unfertilized strip was a sparse, unkempt plot boasting only a few scraggly spikes of wheat.

At present Mr. Bulls has 9 acres devoted to permanent pasture, 29 to permanent cover and has upped from 20 to 60 acres the portion devoted to legumes. By sowing a cover crop for the winter and turning it in, he has been able to produce as much cotton for the market on, say, one third the land. Mr. Bulls has increased his cattle from 8 to 30 head; he has put in an application for electricity once the end of the war permits TVA affiliates to set out new power lines. He and his farm were really more impressive than the 7,000-acre "plantation" near Decatur, Alabama, with its truly beautiful 35-acre stand of alfalfa which is cut four times a year. Alfalfa, by the way, they tell me, is a perennial and for roughage the best of cattle foods.

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It is surprising to have gone thus far in describing the TVA without adverting once to its production of cheap electric power. All told, there are 21 dams plus 5 belonging to the Aluminum Company which are coordinated with the TVA dam system, and which might be sold to TVA after the war unless there are more civilian uses for aluminum than now apparent. It is difficult to estimate adequately what electric power can mean for people on the farm. As Father Christopher P. Murray of Knoxville casually stated: "I have been all through this and I know. You can't get people to stay on the farm or settle on the land without electricity."

It would be foolish to try to list all the means whereby cheap electricity can take the drudgery out of life on the farm. The mention of a few, however, will give some idea: electric pumps, milkers, separators, washing-machines, refrigerators, deep freeze food lockers, radios, electric light, cookers. And electricity has as well its economic potentialities. Farmers are becoming increasingly aware that to secure an adequate return for their labors it is essential to process what they produce as far toward the finished product as possible. Again a few homely examples taken from the Valley: the quick freezing of strawberries has enabled farmers to provide a steady supply for ice cream manufacturers in Cleveland, Tennessee, who had hitherto imported into the region Far Western frozen berries. Others have found that sweet potatoes can be cured by subjecting them to electric heat so that the great bulk do not spoil on the way to market. While others have been quite successful with hay driers, powered by electricity.

As I stated at the outset, TVA is a strictly regional approach. Because of the contours of the land, and smaller acreages, it has not been found susceptible to some of the most widely used agricultural machinery which characterizes the vast farmsteads of the West. However, certain useful machines have been developed experimentally: furrow seeders, 45 of which were produced at the cost of $20 each, and trailer threshers developed by TVA engineers and manufactured in a limited quantity by the Turner Company of Statesville, N. C. The evidence is not conclusive; yet it is sufficient to indicate that certain types of machinery will fit in well there after the war.

The Authority has had the intelligence to utilize agencies already at work improving agriculture in the area. Chief among these is the county agent, whom TVA has in many instances supplied with assistants. It was A. H. Barnett, burly and enthusiastic agent for Lauderdale County, who took us out to see John Bulls. And we shared his heartfelt regret that our itinerary did not permit him to take us further.

Some of my fellow-visitors of the "liberal press" had great fun prodding certain of our hosts as to what the farmers in the area were going to do with all they would be able to produce with TVA methods. That is a pertinent question. It does not admit of a single, all-conclusive answer. It is in fact about the biggest question the American farmer generally will have to cope with once this war and its immediate aftermath have passed. The principal answer seems to be that in the Tennessee Valley, at any rate, there must be developed a whole new series of local industries. With cheap electric power (one manufacturer in the city of Chattanooga saved $300,000 in power costs last year) and with labor unfortunately still unorganized outside of the larger cities, the inducements for new industries are heavy. The cheese plant, flour mill and rather disturbing cottonseed oil factory we visited with the Decatur, Ala., Chamber of Commerce indicate how well such enterprises fit in with a predominantly agricultural economy. They save on transportation costs, provide jobs for sons and daughters living at home on the farm and employees who will buy more of the produce of the countryside. And if living standards are raised to proper levels throughout the area, they can do all this without materially cutting into the market

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for produce and manufactured goods from other areas. That goes particularly for dairy products.

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The truth of the matter is that economically speaking the area of the Tennessee Valley—and, in fact, most sections of the South—are still in the colonial stage. That is to say, they produce raw materials, which they sell at a low price, and buy them back at high price in the form of finished products. In normal times, for instance, when cotton sells for ten cents a pound or less, the farmers buy it back in the form of overalls at two dollars a pound. It is not surprising, then, that such an area is normally depressed and will continue to be so as long as it fails to get beyond the raw material or semi-finished stage.

There has been considerable talk about the industries which have been established in the South in recent years, but those engaged in heavy manufacture for the ultimate consumer are very few. We had the opportunity of discussing the labor picture with Gordon Freeman, of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, secretary of the Tennessee Valley Trades and Labor Council, and James F. Leahy of the Machinists. Both of them agreed that the TVA in its own operations had consistently been more than fair and cooperative. And in the larger picture they seemed quite undismayed at any prospect of new industries coming South in search of lower labor costs. Apparently the principal reason that plants in smaller towns are still unorganized is lack of men to go round and do the job. Even the wage differential between North and South is shrinking and eventually it is hoped that it will disappear. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Leahy also agreed that as the labor-management committee system had worked so well in TVA, they would be glad to see it extended to private industry.

To dip, for the moment, into a matter of considerable controversy, it is interesting to point out that what the TVA and its distributors contribute to municipality and county "in lieu of taxes" is more than private utilities with their high profits were able to pay in taxes. And this with a reduction in the rate to consumers amounting to some 40 percent. Of course that reflects the threefold increase in the use of current in that comparatively depressed area.

The TVA insists that the "profits" which electric cooperatives and municipal power boards pile up can be used only for three purposes: to expand their electrical systems, retire indebtedness or reduce rates to consumers. As it was pointed out at the Chattanooga Power Board, the great profits in the power game are derived not so much from production as from distribution, which represents some two-thirds of the cost to the consumer. That accounts for the attacks on public utilities as well as the temptation of certain municipalities outside the Valley to utilize profits on the sale of electric power to finance their entire operations. Even with the remarkably low rates which TVA and the local power board agreed on for Chattanooga, that semi-independent arm of the city government earned 10 percent on its investment last year. Another temptation is to get rid of bonded indebtedness in record time, but it is good TVA doctrine to have at least the next generation bear some part of the expense of its abundance of cheap current.

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Little has been said thus far about the impressive system of dams which makes possible the threefold objective of abundant electric current, improved navigation and flood control. A number of them are set in the vicinity of the magnificent Great Smoky Mountains. Preeminent among these is the Fontana Dam on the Little Tennessee River which, thanks to war pressure, was constructed in record time under the efficient and exuberant supervision of Fred C. Schlemmer.

Here is an example of his showmanship. An all-day downpour had stopped for the moment and we were looking out at the cloud-swathed sunset and the smoke of the Great Smokies. We had just been driven to the top of this dam, whose 480 feet make it the fourth highest in the world. Suddenly from nowhere the music of a symphony orchestra drifted up to us from the public address system below and reverberated among the deep-green, wooded hills. Mr. Schlemmer is said to be beloved by the workers he directed the past two years. Everyone talks about him and his get-up-and-go; yet he is only one of the efficient, enthusiastic, youngish public servants whom TVA has enlisted under the inspiration of Mr. Lilienthal, who himself was appointed a director at the age of thirty-three.

But to return to the magnificent Fontana Dam, and its two huge generators, which bears the inscription typical of all TVA dams, "1942—Built for the people of the United States of America—1945." It is a storage dam far up toward certain sources of the Tennessee River and its principal function is that of flood control. They say that once within every five hundred years a flood as much as 14 feet above all normal "record" floods occurs; even that has been provided for. To give an idea of its effectiveness one has only to compare what smaller dams can do. By holding back the waters, the smaller Norris Dam saved Cairo, Illinois, in a recent flood, for it kept the Mississippi a critical two feet lower; the Gilbertville, Kentucky, Dam can hold back the Tennessee River entirely for a full two weeks and reduce the height of a threatening flood-crest of the Mississippi by five feet.

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The storage dams of the upper reaches are not as important for navigation as the longer and lower ones in the main body of the river. But by storing such vast quantities of water they can let through enough to supply the turbines of the lower river with ample water during the dry seasons and also enough to maintain the essential nine-foot channel for navigation which would not ordinarily be possible in drier months.

These storage dams produce back of them extensive lakes which in the postwar period will be developed as recreation centers. The dynamic Mr. Schlemmer believes that with its proximity to the Great Smokies and the exciting facilities which he will provide for seeing the Fontana Dam and the power house, as many as 2,000,000 people a year will visit this great engineering achievement. Lower in the river a fish hatchery was set up in order to stock the lake above at Fontana. But it was soon found that the fish already in the lake were multiplying so fast that as it was "many of them would die of old age."

The TVA system of dams, power houses, fertilizer plants and demonstration farms has many impressive moments for anyone fortunate enough to be a visitor. Yet in some ways the most astounding thing of all is what the system's engineers and doctors have done in the way of malaria control. The new storage reservoirs have some 10,000 miles of shoreline, long stretches of which are ideal for the breeding of the anopheles mosquito. Besides that there are many swampy areas which had always provided similar breeding grounds. TVA exhibits a striking series of colored slides to show what has been done.

Near the dams the banks are steep, but farther upstream there would naturally be many places where vegetation would protrude above the surface of the water. The formula is to "keep the water out of the plants and the plants out of the water." All sorts of devices are resorted to, one of the most interesting being ten-day periods during each day of which the water is drained out till the vegetation is dry, and then the water is poured back again until the larvae have been swallowed by the river fish—if they are not already wrecked psychologically. Generally speaking, malaria mosquitoes do not range beyond a mile radius of breeding grounds. Therefore the problem is attacked at the other end by screening all houses within the vulnerable area, sealing off fireplaces and spraying the walls with DDT once a year. Planes are used to spray vegetation with Paris green dust and DDT solution; oil is distributed by boat. Vegetation is kept cropped, adult mosquitoes are tracked down in barns and public health nurses make surveys among the people who are exposed. In fact the anopheles has little chance. As a result incidence of malaria in eight Alabama counties has been reduced from 16 to 1 percent of the population. Even so TVA doctors and engineers are not crowing yet; they are aware that the disease goes in cycles and of the service men returning from the Pacific.

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While the TVA serves as a strictly regional approach to public well-being, it has of course far more than local significance. One of the first indications I had of this was at the Knoxville Airport, where DDT-dealing Stearman planes were not only being fitted up for local anopheles mosquitoes, but several labeled UNRRA were being readied for dispatch to Greece. Alumni of many phases of the TVA have been drafted for similar work in other sections of the country and overseas. Visitors from other sections and other nations constantly bring away with them the hopes and outlines for their own people's rehabilitation. TVA is, then, a vast demonstration project directed at working things out under normal conditions, of educating local farmers and business communities through direct experience so that they will be able to raise the level of their existence on all fronts.

Naturally conditions in other valleys require different treatment—notably the Missouri Valley which directly affects fewer people over a far vaster area. The initial cost of TVA was some $700,000,000; Congress also appropriates for specific purposes an additional $10,000,000 a year—altogether a mere pittance in comparison with what we spend for purposes of destruction.

As in all human enterprises, no matter how well-intentioned, mistakes have been made and many kinks still remain in the system. Mr. Lilienthal himself is the first to say so. But where in any country has so extensive a social enterprise even been started? Where have so able and enthusiastic a personnel been gathered? The TVA has just completed its brick-and-mortar period; it is about to use its facilities far more intensively for the common good. It is a vast project of which the country is justly proud.

Momentum

In the Flag Loft at the Navy Yard
I watched them sewing stars.
They gave me a handful;
As an officer charmingly said
"A momentum for you."

Stars that might have flown on a flag
In blue noons and red sundowns.

And I think of other rows in parallel,
Men who might have walked on simple earth,
Mowing the lawn,
Or striding fast for the 8:13.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The New Realism

An educator speaks and does not mumble

Robert M. Hutchins

What follows is the text of the Convocation Address made by President Hutchins to 524 students graduating this year from the University of Chicago. We wonder what were the emotions of those students as they listened to this American speaking in war time to Americans of the perils that threaten America's integrity. He spoke as a man devoted to the absolute and in the extreme terms of a Léon Bloy. Violently. Because in America a man need not fear to speak his mind.—THE EDITORS.

THE MOST distressing aspect of the world into which you are going is its indifference to the basic issues, which now, as always, are moral issues. The discussion of the questions on which our fate turns is not even conducted in moral language. The word security, which is the great word today, has no moral significance; for the worst men can, and usually do, want it. The words peace, justice, co-operation, community, and charity have fallen out of our vocabulary. They are, in fact, regarded as signs of weakness and as showing that the one who uses them is guilty of the capital crime of modern times, lack of realism.

The rise of the new realism was bound to produce confusion in America; for the new realism is nothing but the old realpolitik. It represents the conquest of the United States by Hitler. It suggests that the one powerful nation in the world which claimed to hate machiavellianism, and repudiated the doctrine that military superiority implies moral superiority must now embrace these theories or be accused of being "soft." A nation which fought two wars to end war must now, in the hour of victory, plan to have the greatest navy in the world; it must have perpetual conscription; and it must get all the island bases it can lay its hands on. A nation which has pretended to the name of Christian must now abandon the attempt to deserve it.

This moral confusion is matched by intellectual disintegration. We seem not to see or not to care about the stupidity of following contradictory policies and taking contradictory attitudes. Intellectual integrity is coming to be regarded as a sign of softness, too. So we call Japanese soldiers fanatics when they die rather than surrender, whereas American soldiers who do the same thing are heroes. We prove that all Germans are murderers and all Japanese apes, and at the same time insist that we are going to have one world in which all men are brothers. We say we are going to re-educate the Germans, and adopt a policy of non-fraternization. We hate slavery and propose forced labor. We want Europe rebuilt, but will have no heavy industry in Germany. We want order in Europe, but not if we have to sacrifice to prevent starvation. We are against dictatorship, but the dictatorship of the proletariat is an exception. And the new day dawns by the light of the burning homes of Tokyo and Yokohama.

The new realism is so unrealistic that it blinds us to our own interests. We are like those rugged realistic advocates of the high protective tariff who propose to export vast quantities of goods without admitting any imports to pay for them. To state the thing in its lowest terms, in terms of money and power, which the new realists claim are the only terms there are, our political and economic interests require a prosperous Germany and Japan. Our interests may, in the light of current readjustments of power in Europe and Asia, require a strong Germany and Japan. But we cannot trade with those who have nothing to exchange. And we cannot be sure that our present allies will always be our friends and that we shall not some time need the help of our present enemies. Mr. Churchill must have regretted in a very short time the unwise words he uttered about Russia five years ago. He said: "Everyone can see how communism rots the soul of a nation, how it makes it abject and hungry in peace, and proves it base, abominable in war."

The conquest of the United States by Hitler is revealed by our adoption of the nazi doctrine that certain races or nations are superior and fit to rule, whereas others are vicious and fit only to be exterminated or enslaved. We are now talking about guilty races. We are saying about the Germans and the Japanese what Hitler said about the Jews. And we are saying about ourselves or at least we are strongly hinting it—what Hitler said about the blond teutonic Aryans. A graduate of the University of Chicago told me that he wished a dense cloud of poison gas would settle over the Japanese islands and destroy every man, woman, and child in them. He had

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the grace to add, "Maybe I'm not a Christian." Without debating the Christianity of declaring war on women and children, I merely point out the arrogance of the asumption that any American is fit to judge all Japanese.

Hitler's conquest of America proceeds apace as we succumb to the idea that social and political problems can be most effectively solved with the aid of a firing squad. I insist that criminals must be punished. Justice demands that none of the guilty escape. At the same time it must be clear that the characteristic of criminals is that they are individuals not nations or races. They should be punished for what they individually did. What they did, to deserve punishment at the hands of human judges, must have been illegal at the time it was done. If the judgment is to command the respect of Americans, it must be shown that the act was one which a patriotic American would not have committed if he had been a patriotic German. Punishment for illegal acts must be meted out legally, with a fair trial and adherence to the Anglo-Saxon principle that every man is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. We must remember the ancient doctrine that no man is a good judge in his own cause. And it would do us no harm to apply the maxim of equity that one must come into court with clean hands.

We should hesitate to punish Germans for acts which we have committeed or may commit. For instance, are we prepared to stand trial ourselves for the violation of treaties and attacks on undefended places? Are we ready to say that in the face of the tommy guns of the SS we would have remained true to our ideals of democracy? Is the standard we intend to impose on the Germans the standard of heroes and saints, or that of the ordinary man, who throughout the world thinks first of the lives of his family and second about his principles? We could wish that all men were prepared to die for their principles in peace and in war. We do not expect Americans to do it except in war.

We may hesitate a little to punish Germans for crimes against Germans unless we are ready for a foreign investigation of American crimes against Americans. I should feel better about having Americans judge the anti-semitism and the concentration camps of Germany if I could forget the anti-semitism and the lynchings in the United States. Our religious and racial intolerance is unorganized, and violence is sporadic and illegal. We have not yet gone in for these things on the grand nazi scale. But we are sufficiently vulnerable to lay ourselves open to some embarrassment if we set ourselves to pass judgment on the domestic conduct of other nations.

Of one crime the German people were certainly guilty, and that is the crime which the new realism sanctifies, the crime of indifference. The German people, all but a few million of them, were indifferent to the rights of man and indifferent to the violation of these rights by those in power. If any nation can be found which is not guilty of this crime, then it is qualified to judge the German people for their indifference to the crimes committed by Germans against Germans. As for ourselves, it is not unfair to say that the American people, except for a few million of them, are guilty of the crime of indifference in the face of race prejudice, economic exploitation, political corruption, and the degradation of oppressed minorities. This guilt does not assist our claim to judge and punish the German people for theirs.

We all believe today that what was miscalled "Reconstruction" in the South after the Civil War was a blunder, if not a crime. One of the factors that shaped public opinion in the North was the revelation of the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville in Georgia, where, out of 50,000 men, 13,000 died. The Southerners were then the guilty race. They must be kept down by military force until the end of time. They could not be permitted to rejoin the society of respectable citizens. Talk of non-fraternization, of reducing the South to a subsistence level, and the punishment of war criminals filled the air. Every Southerner was guilty of favoring slavery and rebellion, though it was known that thousands, like Robert E. Lee, had reluctantly taken up arms only because they thought it was their duty to their States.

Andersonville was an atrocity. Those responsible for it deserved punishment. We know now that Andersonville did not prove the depravity of the South. We know that by acting as though it did the North hurt itself and delayed the recovery of the entire country.

Today we are struggling to build a world community. It is impossible that 125,000,000 Germans and Japanese can be excluded from it. We are told that the development of transportation has brought us as close to Berlin as Richmond was to Washington. If this is so, then we have on an international scale the same task today that Lincoln had in 1865. We now believe that his policy was the right, the realistic, one. We believe that if that policy had been followed the national community would have soon been restored, and years of suffering, which still leave their mark upon the nation, would have been avoided. The new realism is unrealistic, for in addition to thwarting our own interests, which it falsely pretends to serve, it ignores all the facts, the facts of history and the facts of human nature.

If the policy of Lincoln is the right, the realistic, one, and if our task is the same as his, the words of the Second Inaugural should be our

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guide: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The Great "Preamble"

Did Bellarmine influence Jefferson? A look at the record.

John F. Whealon

EACH year, especially round the Fourth of July, our Catholic Press prints a number of articles dealing with an interesting theory which was born just a generation ago: the theory that the political writings of the Italian Cardinal, Saint Robert Bellarmine, were a source for Thomas Jefferson's famous Preamble to the Declaration of Independence. Unfortunately, some of the claims of those who hold for such an influence have been enthusiastic in the extreme. One writer, for example, has gone so far as to suggest that Jefferson penned his famous lines after translating, schoolboy fashion, the words of Bellarmine from the Latin.

It goes without saying that the entire matter deserves a full investigation. Americans today are making great sacrifices and are dying for the principles set down in the Declaration of Independence. If in fact a Catholic source did help to mold those principles, we should be justly and vociferously proud; but if investigation shows no recognizable influence of Bellarmine or of any other Catholic upon the mind of Thomas Jefferson, we should accept the fact and say nothing more.

The history of the question is brief. Robert Cardinal Bellarmine, who died in 1621, was the age's greatest opponent of the "Divine Right of Kings" political theory of King James I. In his works, Cardinal Bellarmine advocated strongly the traditional scholastic doctrine of the "Natural Rights of Man"—that all men are created equal by God, endowed with God-given rights which their governments must safeguard, and that men have the right to change their government when these rights are seriously abused.

A little over 150 years later, this "Natural Rights of Man" doctrine was given its classic formulation in the Declaration of Independence. Even during Jefferson's lifetime the source of his ideas was questioned. John Adams wrote: "There was not an idea in it (i.e., the Declaration of Independence) but what had been hackneyed in Congress for two years before." Jefferson, in reply, admitted that this might be true, saying: "I only know that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it." Richard Henry Lee charged that Jefferson had copied from Locke, and in 1825 Jefferson wrote these significant words in a letter to Lee: "'. . . it was intended to be an expression of the American mind . . . *All its authority rests then on the harmonizing sentiments of the day, whether expressed in conversation, in letters, printed essays, or the elementary books of public right, as Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, Sidney, etc.*"

Such is the express statement of Thomas Jefferson on the question. With this background in mind, we can see how easy it would be for anyone to enlarge upon Jefferson's "etc.," to claim that Jefferson had a secret source from which he took his famous principles. In fact, not only Bellarmine, but also Rousseau, Hooker, Calvin, Sidney, Anglo-Saxon Law, the Magna Charta and Suarez have been proposed at various times as the source of Jefferson's political doctrines.

One of the more recent of these theories is that which claims that Cardinal Bellarmine wielded an influence upon Thomas Jefferson. This theory had its beginning in 1917, when Gaillard Hunt—a convert to Catholicism and a librarian of the Library of Congress—wrote: "It should be a satisfaction to Catholics to know that the fundamental pronouncements upon which was built the greatest of modern revolutions found their best support in the writings of a Prince of the Church." In more recent times, the claims have been less modest.

The various proofs which are adduced to substantiate this theory can be grouped in three general arguments. Their true force can be understood if they are considered one by one.

The first general argument maintains that Jefferson, some time in his life before 1776, read Cardinal Bellarmine's works on political philosophy in the original and was strongly influenced by them. Many conjectures have been formulated about Jefferson's knowledge of Latin, when

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and where the young Jefferson could have read Bellarmine, and so forth. If it could be proved, this would be an extremely strong argument; but unfortunately there is not one shred of evidence, there is not even an indication that Thomas Jefferson read Bellarmine before 1776. All signs point to the opposite direction, for Jefferson was an outstanding deist, who many times professed a profound hatred for "papists," and especially for Jesuits! Any argument based upon a hypothesis is invalid, so this argument must be discounted entirely.

A second argument is more frequently produced. It claims that Jefferson read the doctrines of Bellarmine in his own copy of Sir Robert Filmer's book "Patriarcha," and that this book is still to be found in the Jeffersonian Collection in Washington. Filmer, says this argument, wrote his book to prove the "Divine Right of Kings" theory, and in the book he summarizes the teachings of his most powerful opponent, Cardinal Bellarmine. Certainly, since Jefferson owned a copy of Filmer's work, he read the book; and since Bellarmine's teachings are found in Filmer, Jefferson was influenced by Bellarmine.

Not even this argument, however, will stand up under analysis. We can admit that Jefferson, in all probability, did read Filmer's sketchy summary of the views of Cardinal Bellarmine; but we have no way of knowing *when* Jefferson read the work. He was a young man—33 years of age—in 1776, and he lived for 50 years after that, collecting and reading political writings all his life. Any argument from probability would have to admit that the odds favor the assumption that Jefferson read Filmer's work *after* 1776. Once again, the argument is purely hypothetical. From it we can reach no stronger conclusion than that Jefferson may have read Filmer before 1776, and if he did, then he may possibly have been so impressed by Filmer's summary of Bellarmine that the influence was carried over into the Declaration of Independence. The weakness of the entire argument is apparent. It is noteworthy that Jefferson's copy of Filmer, which is to be found in the Congressional Library in Washington, displays several pencilled markings beside the summary of Bellarmine's doctrines. But this information sheds no light on the question, since we do not know whether Jefferson or someone else made the pencil marks. Jefferson was not in the habit of marking his books with pencil; and even if we were certain that the marks are of Jeffersonian origin, how could we be certain that Jefferson made them before 1776?

The third argument says that Cardinal Bellarmine exerted an *indirect* influence—first upon such men as Locke and Sidney, and through them, upon Jefferson. That Locke and Sidney influenced Jefferson is unquestioned; and we can readily admit that Bellarmine had some influence upon both these writers, because both were writing against Filmer, and because both mention the Cardinal several times. But even then, are we entitled to say that Bellarmine had any noticeable influence upon Thomas Jefferson? It seems impossible, when we consider these facts: (1) Jefferson, as he tells us, "turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it"; (2) the same principles, as John Adams said and as Jefferson admitted, had been "hackneyed in Congress for two years before;" (3) identical or similar principles were being expressed throughout the colonies by people who could not have read Locke or Sidney; (4) Locke says he was indebted to Grotius, Puffendorf, and especially Hooker—but not to Bellarmine; (5) the same principles are to be found in Suarez, Grotius, Hobbes, Hooker, Parsons, Fortescue, Cicero, Aristotle, etc.; (6) the only time Jefferson ever mentioned Bellarmine was in a list of over 100 authors whose works Jefferson wished to purchase a decade after the Revolution.

When we consider all these facts, each of them weakening any influence of Bellarmine upon Locke and Sidney, and of Locke and Sidney upon Jefferson, then we can only evaluate any indirect influence that Bellarmine may have had upon the Declaration of Independence as almost infinitesimal.

None of the arguments so far advanced can prove a real, definite influence; and until a substantial proof is presented, the entire theory must remain only a weak supposition. In the light of the facts that are available, we are not justified in saying that Thomas Jefferson translated, copied, or was strongly influenced by the political writings of St. Robert Bellarmine. The Preamble to the Declaration of Independence, it must be admitted, is a noble heritage from the traditional scholastic political teaching; but the influence of Cardinal Bellarmine's writings upon the Declaration of Independence is something which is at present purely in the realm of theory; and it is something which needs stronger supporting arguments before it can be acceptable even as a theory.

Communications

GERMANY

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: The exact amount of "blood, sweat and tears" shed by the people of Germany during the Nazi occupation of that unhappy country is as yet unknown. But in the opinion of many fair-minded American Catholics, Max Jordan's "Beyond All Fronts" succeeds in at least partially lifting the veil. Undoubtedly we shall need more such factual and unbiased reports covering other aspects of the situation before we can form a just and truly Christian appraisal of the guilt or innocence of the German people as a whole. After all, we

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shall have to be guided by the record, not by personal interpretations and subjective opinions formed in the heat and confusion of the moment. Hence it seems that your correspondents who have already apparently formed their judgment and condemned (at a safe distance) the German population for their lack of heroism, would have been better advised to await the verdict of history before rushing into print. In the meanwhile, surely the obedient Catholic (regardless of his nationality or political faith) can hardly do better than follow the directives so clearly laid down by our present Holy Father, who in the spirit as well as the letter of his recent pronouncements regarding the treatment of conquered nations, counsels an attitude of justice tempered with charity, not one of vindictiveness or blanket (should we say totalitarian?) condemnation. Yet presumably he is at least as well informed about who is responsible, and for what, as are your learned correspondents.

W. MICHAEL DUCEY, O.S.B.

With the general Christian spirit of this letter it is impossible not to concur. But if we are asked not to judge the Germans until we have complete information, it would also seem best not to prejudge them favorably by using such an extraordinary phrase as that which appears in the first sentence of Father Ducey's letter. To speak of the "Nazi occupation of that unhappy country"—Germany—is a paradox which we are completely unprepared to accept.—THE EDITORS.

FRANCE AND THE JEWS

Bethany, Pa.

TO the Editors: Richard Arvay has written an article (THE COMMONWEAL, June 8, 1945) intended to do justice to the humanitarian feelings of the Italian people during the war, especially in connection with their treatment of Jews. It is a good thing to write about this even if it only confirms what the friends of the Italians always knew. But why should such a fine proclamation turn out to be an indictment of France? Why should good things about Italy be told only to compare them with bad things about France? It is extremely embarrassing.

It is not good taste that I am talking about and it is not any question about certain truths which should or should not be told. The truth can always be told, in good taste or in bad taste. The trouble with Mr. Arvay's article is that some truths are told and other truths are not told.

One truth is that the giving up to Germany of political prisoners by French authorities, with or without the excuse of compulsion, is something that no French person can think of without the deepest sorrow. Whatever Mr. Arvay and his friends suffered as exiles in France is for every French person a source of enduring grief. As the grand-daughter of generations of French peasants I share that grief.

But a second truth is that from 1940 throughout the war, throughout the occupation, assistance was given to Jews in France by French citizens, private citizens, members of the clergy, government employees, and even by the police. I cannot imagine on what testimony Mr. Arvay bases his remark that "only after the successful invasion in North Africa did the French awaken from their lethargy." Many Jewish refugees came to America before, and not after, the North African invasion, and no matter how much they suffered they have given generous witness to the help they received in France. The times were appalling times, and I would not deny, or minimize, the great sufferings endured by Jewish people, exiled Jews in France and French Jews in their own country, but it might occur to any generous spirit that the misery endured by French Catholics and Protestants, by French communists, and by French people to whom no label of creed or class can be attached, should also perhaps have been considered before judging.

Mr. Arvay adds: "Of course there had been good people in France, patriots, who helped us . . ." But this afterthought does not diminish the bitterness of his attitude toward France. Nor does one know exactly what he means by "patriots." All French people are patriots. They are born that way, with perhaps an inordinate love for their country. A troublesome love. So what does Mr. Arvay mean by "patriots"? If he refers to a party, or a class, or to anything limitative he shows that he never understood this country through which he passed. The men and women who helped so many Jews in the time of their need were simply French people.

I suppose Mr. Arvay has the right to say, "If you had seen what I have seen . . ." I am more than sorry that he saw what he was forced to see. But I regret that heart-rending individual cases can be made the basis for a generalized accusation against the people of France. And I regret that one man's personal bitterness against France, no matter how legitimate and inevitable that bitterness may be in his heart, should have been used to further the case of the Italian people. The Italian people need no such help.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

The Screen

Fascinating Rhythms

SO GREAT is my enthusiasm for George Gershwin's music that my huzzahs for his film biography are likely to hit the skies. For, besides many other outstanding qualities, Warner Brothers' production of *"Rhapsody in Blue"* excels in its recording; and Gershwin fans will be in seventh heaven as they listen to the picture's generous and stirring sound track. I say this at the beginning to quiet any readers of this column who may point out inaccuracies or exaggerations in this movie which purports to tell the story of the composer. In spirit the film succeeds in its purpose although the facts are selected and readjusted for dramatic unity, and characters are even invented to further the story and action. Principally among the latter are two women: Joan Leslie as a charming musical comedy star who sings and dances many of the best numbers, and Alexis Smith as the svelte, sophisti-

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cated Mrs. Gilbert. These two attractive, and yet very different Americans, are interpolated to throw some light on the composer's love life, a subject that has disturbed biographers mainly because there is so little to tell. The action revolving around these fictitious characters attempts to say that George was "the perfect bachelor" in love with music (and secondarily with art) and into whose self-centered life a wife did not fit. This explanation, not entirely satisfactory, will have to do for the present—or at least until more information turns up for the psychologists to unravel.

"Rhapsody in Blue" follows the Gershwin story from his childhood in crowded New York streets, through his jobs as a song-plugger, his first successful tunes (there's a wonderful scene in which Al Jolson sings "Swanee" for the first time), his rise to fame, his winning world acclaim after "Rhapsody in Blue" (the première in Aeolian Hall of this famous American symphonic work is shown in a long and exceedingly moving sequence in which the Rhapsody is played in its entirety without, thank goodness, any visual interpretations), and his continued working with feverish intensity to turn out more songs, a concerto, an opera—right up to his death in his thirty-eighth year in 1937.

Long is the list of credits for this film: Jesse L. Lasky for the good taste of its fine production; Irving Repper for his direction that conveys so well the warm spirit of the Gershwin family and his use of cinema to tell the story; Sol Polito for directing the photography; Howard Koch and Elliot Paul for the script they wrote from Sonya Levien's story; LeRoy Prinz who was in charge of the musical and production numbers; and many others including the various orchestras who played this composer's music that is famed for opening new horizons in jazz. Last, but by no means least in the impressive list of credits, are the actors themselves who have been so successful in making Gershwin and his times come to life on the screen. The film is fortunate in having newcomer Robert Alda play the lead; he not only looks like George Gershwin, but, without glamorizing, he portrays a vivid and complex personality. Also outstanding are the performances of Morris Carnovsky and Rosemary De Camp as the Jewish parents, Herbert Rudley as George's sympathetic brother, Ira, who wrote most of the lyrics to the songs, Charles Coburn as Max Dreyfus, the music publisher, Albert Basserman as George's music teacher. And then there are a number of Gershwin's friends and fellow workers who portray themselves in the film: bright, fresh, wise-cracking Oscar Levant (who also does the first-rate piano playing for the recordings), Paul Whiteman (long renowned for making an honest woman out of jazz), George White, Tom Patricola, Hazel Scott (who plays and sings "The Man I Love" and "I Got Rhythm"—perhaps in 1945 tempo, but with irresistible rhythm). Lack of space prevents my listing all the Gershwin songs that this long and good film gives us, but all the best ones are there—some in production numbers like " 'S Wonderful," some as solos like Joan Leslie's rendition of "Delicious," and some, like "An American in Paris," with montage that makes you the traveler seeing the city.

No doubt the key to the leading character in this film biography lies in Oscar Levant's jocular remark to Gershwin: "Tell me, George, if you had it to do over, would you fall in love with yourself again?" But the picture by no means neglects in script or photography or recording to pay just tribute to this great American who was a leading voice of his country in his time. Gershwin spoke in a new idiom. His own restlessness and energetic ambition were part of the American scene and are now preserved for us in his music. "Rhapsody in Blue" does not dwell on Gershwin's untimely death, but the film lingers in the finale on the Rhapsody itself because through it and his other music Gershwin lives.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

American Paintings*

ANNE FREMANTLE

THIS selection of "one hundred and sixteen representative artists, some of them foreign-born, but American inspired, American in spirit," has been harvested by the "magnificent facilities" of the Encyclopaedia Britannica staff of "researchers and critics." There is an opening article on the technique of painting, followed by an absolutely first rate introduction by Donald Bear, the Director of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. This really deserves reproduction as a separate pamphlet, to be given wide circulation in art-schools, academies of design, and places where they paint. Mr. Daniel Catton Rich, the gifted Director of Fine Arts at the Art Institute of Chicago, contributes at times a rather "governessy," and almost carping tongue-in-cheek preface. Mr. Bear, after pointing out that 35 of the 116 are foreign-born, and a further 40 educated, at least partly, abroad, either in Europe or the Orient, explains that this collection is "a lively and interesting reflection of the aspirations and accomplishments of the American artist who has seen and experienced much; who has felt the impact of two world wars, and has watched his own art pass through many trying periods under the confusion of diverse instances." Mr. Bear's aim throughout his essay is "to understand each picture according to the basic wishes of the artist," and with this sympathy he discusses the entire collection, the omnivorous quality of which can be appraised when it is learnt that it includes Luigi Lucioni—that master of the Ding-an Sich, or Thing-as-Seen—and Salvador Dali, supreme interpreter of the Thing-as-Sensed.

Mr. Bear traces the history of the "influences" he mentions, as it appears in the sequence of America's artists. First he speaks of the "internationalists"—Sargent, Whistler and Co.; then of the "masters of loneliness" as Daniel Catton Rich has epitomized them—Homer, Ryder and Eakins. Next came the American impressionists, the "Ten," followed by the more revolutionary "Eight," who burst into the limelight with the success of the

* Contemporary American Painting: The Encyclopaedia Britannica Collection. Written and Edited by Grace Pagano. Duell. $5.00.

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Armory Show in 1913. For some twenty years thereafter French influence predominated, until the Resurrection of Regionalism in the 1930's. This Return of the Native (Artist) to America was dictated by economics and politics: with the depression the Federal Government became the artist's best (and often only) patron, and Europe, rushing headlong into fascism and war, was no longer an inspiration or a home-from-home, but a vortex to escape, an infection to shun. From this forced "inscape," various experiments have resulted. Mr. Bear describes three: "surrealism, non-objective, geometric or abstract art, and neo-romanticism." Mr. Rich sees in the future two tendencies: the rising generation "infuses the abstract with a new wayward, intensely personal poetry" and documentary war painting has sheared the style of combat artists of mannerisms "in a search for renewed reality." To date, as Mr. Bear remarks, American art has mostly been devoted to "various interpretations and aspects of realism." Sometimes this led to "the superchromo, or at its worst, to the old-fashioned calendar." In the excellent descriptions he gives of each artist represented in this collection—thumb-nail sketches, which are amplified by Grace Pagano's biographies that face each illustration—Mr. Bear gives us a number of insights, which, Mr. Rich comments, "will help us to see what the painter has been driving at." Mr. Rich himself is fierce. He is skeptical of the great corporations suddenly ceasing to be barbarian and bourgeois, and becoming overnight Medici. "Too much of the buying of American painting on the part of industry has been not for the sake of the pictures but for the publicity," he growls. But he does pat this Britannica collection on the back because "within the frame of an idea—to tell the story of American painting since 1900—it is one of the most complete and lively surveys yet made." Mr. Rich bravely faces the fact that "too many writers on American art . . . have suffered from a gnawing sense of inferiority with regard to Europe. . . . I have always failed to see why we should excuse a bad painting simply because it was 'made in America' or exalt another bad painting simply because it was done on the other side of the Atlantic."

Looking over the collection—beautifully reproduced, with inset pictures of each artist facing their work, and with a note by each of his intention in the particular picture represented, with facsimile signature, so that no reader can ever complain "I'm sure I don't understand what he, or she, was driving at"—the general impression is not, however (except in the case of such "primitives" as Doris Lee and Horace Pippin, or of landscapes which could obviously be "no place else"), especially "American." Recollecting the great question-and-answer in "Ballad for Americans"—"Who are you?" "I am an American." "What is an American?" "I'm a Czech, Jew, Negro etc., I'm an American"—the feeling here is that whatever this collection adds up to, here is no "American School" in the sense that there was a Hudson River School, or a Nineteenth Century School of American Portrait painters. One wonders: Why?

Aristotle and Marx have agreed that the artist, like the God, stands without the pale of society, and has no share in the state. Perhaps the American artist has hitherto been too conscious a citizen, suffering, as Mr. Rich says, either from "a distasteful toadying to continental standards" or from a "belligerent isolationism"? Is this lack of national "entity" in the painter, then, to be explained because the American artist is too intellectual, too self-conscious? Mr. Bear speaks of a "poignant tension of thought, habit and experience" brought about by the "impact of organic aspects of an old culture against the inorganic mechanized facts of a certain kind of new civilization that has grown with terrible speed." It is impossible to visualize Van Gogh, Cézanne or even the contemporary Rouault, shaken by such tensions: they are allergic to politics, and in a sense, even to the *polis*. For them the only way out is the way in; their experience of current events, as of history, as of nationalism, is purely internal. Van Gogh did not require of his potato diggers belief in the potato: he postulated a much closer relationship. The alimentary, and perhaps even the digestive tracts of Matisse's mind and spirit, as of Miro's, are under layers of earth-stained skin. Perhaps too many American painters react to the unpleasant spiritual conditions of their time as too many English painters also do: like frightened snakes, or lizards, sloughing skins and shedding tails, just when they should rather imitate trees and add another layer of protective bark to their cortex? And yet . . . and yet . . . Picasso and the Tree of Guernica?

We know indeed all the answers, as Mr. T. S. Eliot warns us, "it is the questions that we do not know." And there are so many to be asked about contemporary painting! Just what *are* the national and historic composites necessary to produce a great "school" of painting? Dutch and Italian painting reached its height when Holland and the Italian Renaissance were at their apogee; but English painting—such as it is—was most real in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, not in the successfully imperialistic nineteenth. Not the glorious France of the Sun King, not the France of Malbrouck or Robespierre or Napoleon produced the greatest moment in French painting, but a second-rate France, the France of Sedan, of Dreyfuss, and later, of Laval: yet it is a moment that has survived three wars and endured nearly one hundred years. Nor the conquests of Peter the Great; nor the spartan austerities of the Soviet, have produced first-rate Russian painters. Yet the best of the ikons are supreme as Giotto.

Perhaps it is only when a country is so intensely aware of herself that individual awareness is no longer possible, that conditions conducive to a "School" appear? Only when the sorrows and suffering, the greatness and the glory, the gaiety and the cosiness are so digested and so assimilated that the individual painter not only paints but also exudes France, only then can one talk of a French school? Perhaps; but whatever the process, it must be almost vegetable—even the chameleon is already too self-conscious!

It is indeed, as Mr. Rich has suggested, more than possible, if this is even partially true, that America is on

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the threshold of a tremendous period of artistic aliveness. "Tempestuous weather is ever the best seed-time." The recollection in tranquillity, and, it may well be, in individual poverty, of two wars and of the intervening depression that was their hyphen, may well produce an explosion of which the 116 artists shown in this Encyclopaedia are at once the precursors and the first-fruits.

Confederate Soldier

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

THIS IS a document of historical value for several reasons. It carries a powerful recommendation in the mere fact of Douglas Southall Freeman's foreword. If Mr. Freeman thinks the publication of John Dooley's narrative* worth while, it is so, in the minds of conscientious students of the history of our people.

There should be no partisanship, no rancor, concerning the great story of our greatest test of survival. There was right on both sides and wrong on both sides. Between 1861 and 1865 there were two deep divergencies of conviction in our evolution as a people: disagreement among us as to the real nature of our free union of free sovereign and independent states, and that of our democratic development. That was the essence of our war. To call it a Rebellion is unhistorical and ignorant to the point of illiteracy.

The book has historical value also, from another angle. Of all our old American colleges, Georgetown should be in the best position to understand the whole meaning of our American tradition. Georgetown College evolved from the first settlement at the point which became St. Mary's City in Maryland. It was a joint undertaking by Roman Catholic ("the Old Religion") and Anglicans, or Church of England Catholics; a difference which had only begun to harden into theological incompatibility in 1634. The tacit agreement of the two bore most importantly on our intention not to quarrel about religion. That, at the time, was a counsel of perfection. The fact that we all honestly did try, had the obvious consequence of filling our infant colony with the Protestant remnants of a broken Christendom, all seeking peaceful asylum from one or the other of the protagonists of the religious wars. This led very soon to us Catholics, who had taken so constructive a part in making it possible for all Christians to live together in peace, finding ourselves in an unpopular minority. Disfranchisement of Catholics was a natural and inevitable sequence. Georgetown's tradition began there. It was continued during all the period of growth when its Jesuit community was made up of Marylanders and Virginians and Kentuckians with their roots deep in the soil of their States, to which were joined incoming Irishmen of the same social antecedents, also men of the soil in the same sense; an armigerous breed of horsemen in days not too far gone by to have the feel of it; men whose tradition of life

*John Dooley Confederate Soldier, His War Journal. Edited by Joseph T. Durkin, S.J. Georgetown. $3.00.

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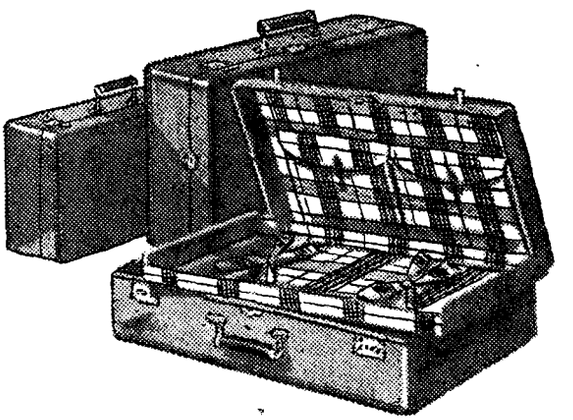

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and of living were the same as ours, and who formed very quietly and easily a fully American and homogeneous body. Most of the Georgetown students carried the same characteristics. The whole had a distinct flavor.

It contained, in 1861, the same elements then which Southern colleges like William and Mary, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and Sewanee, are now and for decades back have been trying to establish: a liberal coherence and cohesion between the cultures of the North and of the South. After the separation of the Jesuit administrative province of Maryland from the English province in which the Maryland province had its roots, Georgetown's tradition was broken. New men from Philadelphia, New York and New England, mainly of a different Irish extraction, filled the Jesuit community and the student body. For years after the break, Georgetown has tried to line up the present with the past; without great success, however, since very few of the new men to enter the group had any but the vaguest conception of our history, of who and what we are as Americans.

It is historically important, therefore, that the Reverend Joseph T. Durkin, S.J., professor of American History at Georgetown University, has chosen this book to publish, based on the War Journal of a typical Southern Irishman. It is important sociologically because there was a difference in the manner of merging of new elements into the American communities. In all of the Northern States, and in portions of some of the Southern States, people were coming into American citizenship in groups too great to be assimilated readily. In the Southern States men were coming in generally as individuals or as single families and merged immediately and without dislocation into their American surroundings. In that sense, John Dooley is typical of the South. His father and mother, John and Sarah Dooley, came from Limerick in Ireland, in 1832. They were married at Alexandria (Virginia) in 1836. Entering an old and settled community, they seem to have had none of the difficulties which beset so harshly poor men settling in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. They prospered from the start. By 1862 and living in Richmond, the Dooley family had become, in twenty years, one of the wealthiest and most popular in that prosperous town. In twenty years the family was not only wealthy, but occupied a respected place in the upper society of Richmond—which had a very definite meaning. As Father Durkins puts it: "the sons and daughters of John and Sarah Dooley united the moral wholesomeness, ruggedness and marked individuality of the Gaelic character with the mellow silk-brocade-and-candlelight culture of the old South"; and that is a legitimate definition of the much-abused word "aristocracy" in distinction to the more current usage of the word as a synonym of "snobbishness"—some traces of which John Dooley, Junior, does seem to have developed.

It was as natural for such a young man to fight for his own patria, his Virginia, as it was for any of the Virginians of older stock who fill Douglas Freeman's historical pages. The great decision for all of them in 1861 was the same at West Point and Annapolis as it was for John Dooley at Georgetown, when "a small group of students filed solemnly into the office of Father John Early, president of Georgetown College," and submitted to him a written petition asking to be allowed to return to "our country" (our "patria"). The United States were not "our country" as a unit. Each of the Thirteen which formed our federal union of states was patria to its citizens. Virginia was John Dooley's country in exactly the same sense as it was to Robert Lee. Lee was not particularly interested in the Confederacy. He did not fight until his own country, his patria, his own Virginia, was invaded. Then, he fought with everything he had. It is precisely because we have forgotten or never learned this basic truth, that we are a federal union of States, each of which gave up voluntarily a portion of its complete sovereignty and all of our mutual independence, that our federal government finds it so difficult today to formulate a consistent and durable foreign policy, now that we are faced, as a people, with the enormous problems coming out of international ruin.

It is because of these facts and their implications that this narrative of a soldier's war-life in 1861 is not just a readable book but a truly important one. If we do not understand its relations to current events, we are likely to lose an irreplaceable portion of our American heritage.

More Books of the Week

A. Woollcott: His Life and His World. Samuel Hopkins Adams. Reynal. $3.50.

IN PREPARING this biography of the late Town Crier for Cream of Wheat, etc., etc. (and we might as well say right now that it is a notable literary event), Samuel Hopkins Adams received many communications of an arrestingly varied nature. One of them read: "I want no part of Woollcott, dead or alive. Sorry." Another correspondent pled: "Be kind to him. He was so kind, himself, to so many who needed his kindness." A third may possibly have expressed the feeling of many when he said: "Selah to you in your efforts to make a man out of a mouse." In other words, a life of Alexander Woollcott, he thought, was not worth writing, and not worth reviewing. Obviously, we disagree, and no reader of Mr. Adams's book, whether he thought anything of its subject, or not, would deny that the author has done a fine, competent job. Of course, one has always heard of Mr. Adams as of a successful writer whose name goes back to one's suburban and nostalgic infancy. But his name, for some reason, has never been associated with so inspired a piece of first-class journalism as this biography. His book, moreover, is something more than that, something better than a faintly scandalous chronicle of a New York wit who loved and hated, and was hated and loved in return. It is Woollcott's world, as well as his life, which is in question, and we have a feeling that few contemporaries could have treated both more handsomely.

Yes, for better or worse, it is our world; that is to say the same world of men and women born about the same time as Woollcott, the so-called lost generation who served as soldiers in No. I and began to publish in magazines as soon as the ink of the armistice was dry. The first time this reviewer ever heard Woollcott's name was in 1920, from the artist, John Barbour, who was honeymooning in Paris with the beautiful ex-chorus girl, Helen

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Herendeen. They had just crossed with Woollcott, then relatively unknown, and the "Man Who Came to Dinner" had been kind as he so often was to personable young people of either sex. I had just finished his early book, "The Command Is Forward," made up of war-sketches from the *Stars and Stripes,* which he helped edit when transferred "from bed-pan to typewriter." I liked it immensely, although conscious of a certain heavy-going sentimentalism throughout. Everyone in the war known and liked by the author was treated in that tone, from the late Father Duffy and Colonel Donovan to "Shorty," a doughboy of 17, dead on the field of honor. It's a pity that the book is out of print since it was Woollcott at his most typical, also at his best, and completely without a trace of the *manie de grandeur* which afflicted him in later, more dazzled days.

Indeed, we wonder if some of the remarkable loathing induced by this man is not traceable to his sensational success in the America of the Twenties and Thirties, plus of course his own bitter disillusions, as a sentimentalist, on discovering that post-war literary society includes people not so charming as in the pages of Du Maurier and Louisa M. Alcott. In his way, Woollcott was as great an idealist as Byron, another great hater, and in the twentieth-century Broadway idiom he could put his hatreds as effectively. For example, he only worked for Hollywood once, and stayed about one month. "When I take up street-walking," he replied to some talent-scout, "the street will be Broadway, not Hollywood Boulevard." Again, his arrogance and venom may be ascribed to a sense of having been too much pushed around in school and college days, aggravated, in the days of his triumph, by too much fat living, and too many toadies. It is all too natural to lay in an emotional score, during the long years of neglect and frustration, and settle it at the expense of the nobs and snobs in the moment of recognition and victory. Aleck was never one to suffer fools gladly, and, eventually, he found himself, a formidable wit, in a world of self-elected wits, the New York world of the nasty Thirties, surrounded by knaves and phonies. Another Alexander, the supreme eighteenth century writer of the lines to Atticus and the lines to Sporus, was not very tender either to Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

As to the celebrated Woollcott style, as viewed in such production as the "Life of Irving Berlin," "While Rome Burns," and the notes to the two "Woollcott Readers," there are worse contemporary styles (equally celebrated) and also better. Generally speaking, his prose was more fixed than sure, just like his literary tastes. Gilbert Seldes (who once asked rather unreasonably whether Woollcott were a pacifist) was closer to his score in remarking that "he seems to get most excited and most persuasive over the trivial and the second rate." He loved the Barrie of "The Little Minister," the Du Maurier of "Trilby," the Miss Alcott of "Little Women." Well; why not? But he also admired "Good-Bye Mr. Chips" and the Catholic novelist Evelyn Waugh's "Handful of Dust." On the whole, he had the courage of his amazingly unpredictable opinions. For example, it strikes me that he was the one critic of two continents who ever discovered the precisely right approach to Gertrude Stein: "You have not been in America long enough, Miss Stein, to know that I am never contradicted."

Of course, he was hated. But he was also greatly

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loved, and by Heywood Broun, Thornton Wilder, Edward Sheldon, Booth Tarkington, and President and Mrs. Roosevelt. His charities were numerous and his left hand never knew what his right hand gave. "He did such things in a matter-of-fact manner," wrote Frank Vreeland, "never with any of the sentimental show one might expect of such an arrant sentimentalist." Nor were all his charities merely financial; he had a glimpse of the larger and more luminous implication of the word. At Hamilton, one of his fraternity mates, whom he particularly loved, was a tough little sophomore named McMartin who chewed tobacco and played football. He died during Woolcott's days of glory, and the "Man Who Came to Dinner," ill himself, made a hundred-mile trip to attend the funeral. "I am going if it kills me," he wrote, "and, indeed, I would go if I knew that it would. It would be phony and sentimental to pretend that Martie's death meant much or anything to me *now*, but to jog along just as if nothing had happened would somehow seem to dishonor an old and deep affection. If the mere passing of a third of a century can wipe Martie out of my heart, then all the affections which warm me today are mere steamer acquaintances."

In which he paid some of them a high compliment.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Color and Democracy. W. E. Burghardt DuBois. Harcourt. $3.00.

IF DR. DU BOIS had not been under contract or whatever his understanding was, to explain the rascality of the world in terms of white vs. black, he could have gone on much further working out a nice little book illustrating the connections, or shall I say, the various correlations that one could work out among such factors as the cotton crop and African slavery thrown against Marxism as a backdrop, and the poverty of the English working-class, and so forth. In a measure Eric Williams attempted this in "Capitalism and Slavery." But he succumbed too completely to Marxism in the organization of his very informative materials. (See THE COMMONWEAL, February 16, 1945, review by Father John Monaghan.)

But it is not DuBois's socialism and anti-religious attitude in "Color and Democracy" that is under discussion. It is rather the DuBois tendency to link everything together and explain too much in terms of the cussedness of some Alabama and Mississippi Congressmen who, after all, are not of the ages, but of the moment—although the moment seems endless and unbearable to Negroes who want to live the good life without having their meals, their sleep, their livelihood made unpleasant by our militant American nazis.

Yet every missionary priest setting out to help with the problems of Africa and the Orient should read these burning charges of gross insincerity that have grown in DuBois's mind through all these years: charges that the missionaries more often than not are but the agents of imperialism, more devoted to Caesar than to God. But if Caesar is the empire, what is meant when DuBois writes: ". . . If there are several races, cultures, and religious faiths in the colony, the empire incites the people of one race against those of another; those of one religion against those of another—for example, the Moslems against the Hindus in India . . ." and so on? After all, the empire is men, and religion is conviction, but the flyleaf of DuBois's book carries this incitement to hard feeling: DuBois "is the recognized leader of Negro thought which favors contending for complete equality of opportunity, as opposed to the conciliatory policy advanced by Booker T. Washington and Robert R. Moton." If this is the point of view of the Negro who considers himself intelligent and progressive, then why not allow the Indian Moslems and Hindus to shoot it out until they both get wise to the empire's cynical laughter in the background?

What DuBois writes concerning the exploitation of colonies by the empires will stand unchallenged by students, clerical or lay. It is the way he sets up the framework of his book that will make it difficult for the average man to read with profit. Obviously, DuBois is not the man to write a revolutionary thesis. He gets too many contradictions drawn into it. Even the Hegelian cannot accommodate all of DuBois's contradictions!

A book with this type of information still needs to be written for the Southerner. The figures and tables, the charts, etc., can be held to a minimum, but the story of human exploitation applies to millions of Southern whites, just as it does to about the same number of Negroes. DuBois has not succeeded in working out in these long years an approach that will arouse the South and its confused peoples. We agree with his general attitude that such a work needs to be freed from the sloppy we-love-each-other tactics of the conservative inter-racialists. Nor should the South be fed forever on the hero stuff that fills the daily press: A Texas soldier captures a whole regiment of Germans or Japanese single-handed.

Now, the inter-racialists are a part of our informal government, as Beardsley Ruml would put it. But those governmental sections that govern the Negro, his colleges, his student aid, his political jobs, his general contacts with the white world, badly need to be overhauled. We need a Negro Gandhi to shake up the American "Native States," for these professional inter-racialists negate each other, even though they do get together on the patronage and mutual backslapping. Our nation needs straight stuff: no Negro Marxism, no master sex-plots written by mass-production white writers.

American military men see the Japanese war lasting two years or more. The demand for post-war military training is raised by the armed forces. Meanwhile, the British ruling class, to stave off a labor victory, is letting Gandhi and his men breathe fresh air again. While DuBois feels that the Chinese might have been pressured to drop their race equality demand, to this writer it seems that it will come nevertheless. If for no other reason than that the total war that some of our military people want will reduce world civilization to a minimum, anyway. But if you think this is a gloomy picture, read DuBois's book.

GEORGE STREATOR.

Personality and Successful Living. James A. Magner. Bruce. $2.75.

BETWEEN these covers one finds neither a psychological manual nor a disquisition upon the offering forms of achievement. And yet both personality and success quite dominate the book and are effected, the author holds, in "conscious development along the lines of private and social conduct as taught and practiced by Christ."

There is about the work a quiet sense of contact with the Living God which will appeal as much to those

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outside the Church as to those within. And basic points, like the need for confidence and discipline of self and the value of proper perspective, are made much of, while a number of smaller subjects—the tackling of selfishness for instance and the technique of living in a home—come up for treatment. Typical is the chapter on the sex impulse wherein frankness and sanity blend with thorough good taste.

Perhaps Father Magner should have delved more deeply into the matter of personal maladjustment and have probed the problems men face in their phobias. In that respect his book falls short of Dr. Fosdick's "On Being a Real Person." But it may well be amiss to speak of what is lacking when what is had is sound.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

Copernicus and His World. Hermann Kesten. Roy. $3.50.

THE EDITORS of THE COMMONWEAL obviously thought that a work on Copernicus could profitably be reviewed by a scientist. It turns out, however, that the present volume contains little of science and much of history.

In spite of the publisher's blurb which makes extravagant claims, I disliked the book very much, partly because of its style, but principally because it has a thesis which I consider false. Its structure is that of a number of impressionistic historical sketches, covering various parts of the Renaissance and the Reformation in Italy, Poland and Germany, presented in rather abrupt, repetitious and satirical style.

The thesis of the author is that "Copernicus . . . rose against twenty centuries of pious nonsense as the Christian Church's most dangerous, because most hidden, apostate." "For thirty-six years Copernicus delayed the printing of his book." "Did he have other reasons for waiting? Did he have cause to be afraid of the Inquisition, perhaps, and its heresy trials?" This in spite of the fact that in Chapters 24 and 28 he explains in great detail what observations and calculations Copernicus had to make, and that even when the book was printed the final revision was not yet complete.

This bias—which is not directed exclusively against the Catholic Church, the reformers are abused just as much—leads to other historical errors. Gassendi is called an atheist, which he definitely was not. In the last section of the book which treats of Copernicus's successors, the old canard is repeated that Giordano Bruno "was burned at the stake in Rome because the earth moved," although two pages earlier the author cites the charges made against Giordano, which did not mention the Copernican theory.

The large amount of material contained in the book could have been made into a valuable work had it been treated objectively and in less discursive style.

KARL F. HERZFELD.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. John F. WHEALON is a priest of the Diocese of Cleveland, Ohio.
Anne FREMANTLE is at present working on an anthology of Oriental mysticism.
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George STREATOR is employed by the War Production Board.
Rev. Henry G. J. BECK teaches at Immaculate Conception Seminary, Darlington, N. J.
Karl HERZFELD is a distinguished scientist on the faculty of the Catholic University.

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Society and the Artist

NEXT WEEK The Commonweal will deal at some length with two questions which seem far apart but which with some imagination can be correlated.

THE CONSCRIPTION CRUX, by Harry Lorin Binsse, brings forward a completely fresh slant on the highly controversial matter of universal peacetime conscription. Heretofore the argument has alternated between rather flat absolutes or generalities. One group has favored the measure on the basis of America's need for adequate armed protection; the other has opposed conscription on the grounds of what it would do to various elements of our society—the large permanent officer class, families, schools and, primarily, our American youth.

Now on the basis of considerable discussion with officials in Washington Mr. Binsse brings the controversy down to its practical content. The Army, the Navy and Air Force believe that after the war they must have, all told, one million men. They do not believe that even so comparatively moderate a number can be gathered by voluntary means. Hence they support universal conscription of a sort which is not at all in line with their training requirements. Mr. Binsse will suggest how these men could be recruited and maintained in a far better way.

MORGAN'S MIRROR, by Anne Fremantle, is a brilliant study of a literary artist in search of singleness of mind: Charles Morgan, author of "The Fountain," "Reflections in a Mirror," and widely miscellaneous works. There is an interesting parallel, however tenuous, between a nation's and an artist's quest.

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